The Library of Congress'

EARLY STATE RECORDS PROJECT

converted from the original microfilm held by the
Vincent C. Immel Law Library, Saint Louis University

through the generous support of a grant from the

Council on Library and Information Resources

THE TEXAS REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 1 — BRAZORIA, SATURDAY JUNE 6, 1835. — NUMBER 40.

TERMS

THE REPUBLICAN IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

F. C. GRAY,

Not [illegible] be printed for subscribers every Saturday at $5 per annum, if paid at the end of six months, or $[illegible] if not paid until the expiration of the year.

No [illegible] will be allowed except [illegible] the end of the year, and not then until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements of eight lines or under $1 for the first [illegible], and half that price for each continuance. Long ones in proportion.—No advertisement will be [illegible] until paid for, but will be continued at the expense of the advertiser.

☞ All communications of a personal nature will be charged for the same as advertisements.

Agreeably to a resolution passed at the last meeting of the board of medical censors for this jurisdiction, which [illegible] the 24th ult. it was ordered that the following regulations be published in the Texas Republican for one month, viz

Resolved, That the applicant for License, who shall have received from some public School, Society, College or University, a regular diploma of the first degree of Bachelor or Doctor of Medicine, Surgery, &c. & &c. [illegible] or a Diploma or other certificate of his having attended the Medical lectures, Surgery, &c. or [illegible] shall not be on obtained, the candidate [illegible] submit to a satisfactory examination before the Board, and pass it and read a Medical essay and [illegible] detailed

By order of the Board,

T. F. L. PARROTT

Brazoria, March 14th, 1835

Attorney at Law.

I. N. MORELAND will attend to any business entrusted to him—his office is in Liberty, on the Trinity river.

Reference—W. H. Sledge, Jno. Chaffin, } Columbia.
J. S. D. Byrom, Brazoria,
P. C. Jack, Mosely Baker, } San Felipe,

m21 29

PILOTAGE of the Brazos.

THE undersigned being appointed Pilot by the Illustrious Ayuntamiento of the Jurisdiction of Columbia for the Bar of the Brazos, takes this opportunity of informing all whom it may concern that he shall strictly adopt the following rules,—In all cases when vessels approach the Bar, if practicable, they will be boarded if not observe the following signals. The Mexican Flag will be hoisted on the Top of the Staff in high water, and in crossing the Bar being two white Flags with a red Ball in each in a range, should it not be possible to board a Vessel and not prudent for a Vessel to attempt to cross the Bar the Mexican Flag will be hoisted half mast and under no circumstances will the signals be exhibited.

F. J. HASKINS, Branch Pilot.

Velasco, May 9th 1835.

P. S. The undersigned has provided two substantial Boats & a full crew and is determined to use every exertion in the discharge of his duties — F. J. HASKINS

Negroes, Land &c. for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale one thousand acres of land, being part of the league granted by the mexican government to hriesman, situated on the Brazos river adjoining Henry Jones. This is one of the first and best selections on the river and with the exception of about 700 acres previously sold the purchaser has the privilege of making his choice and locating the quantity offered on any part of the balance of the league which has a great proportion of peach and cane on it.

I will also sell three or four negroes and about one hundred head of cattle of which there are about six yoke of work oxen. The land will be sold in tracts to suit purchasers.

JOHN R. JONES.

San Felipe, February 7, 1835

BRAZORIA TEXAS.

JUN 6 . 1835

We have had no arrivals from the United States for some time

We have been [illegible] that gentle [illegible] (late member of the Convention from Knox county Tennessee) was assassinated in the [illegible] Texas he has [illegible]

COMMUNICATIONS

[illegible]

(For the Texas Republican)

ODD CRUMBS—FROM A BACHELORS JOURNAL—No. 5

[illegible]

'He jests at scars, who never felt a wound'

It is an ideal for every sensitive heart [illegible] those tokens which [illegible] themselves [illegible] the mind's [illegible], when transmuted by the Midas of sentiment—then it is the [illegible] that dross in which they [illegible] enveloped, and to [illegible] possessors, seem gorgeous as gold

This feeling of estimation for 'souvenirs' may be found among all classes of life, and in all states of society. It is as universal as light—wherever the human heart throbs to the touch of passion—wherever refinement has insinuated itself into the bosom, you will find this same devotion to the emblems of hours that have passed away. There is no intellect so strong—no genius so towering as to look on them lightly—and philosophy, though it may be chill as snow, will be warmed to yieldingness by these tiny messengers of the Past. They tell us too plainly of dark eyes, and lips of velvet richness—too audibly of brows that glittered, and tones that burst in music, for the fountain waters of the spirit to remain untroubled by their spells—He who contemns them, or the feeling which makes them dear, can never have enjoyed those enchantments, of which they stand, to delicate hieroglyphs.

Such affection for the gifts of "Woman—dear woman"—is not incompatible with the possession of all which composes manliness. True sentiment derogates not from the *man*, and it enters largely into the character of the gentleman, the scholar, and the courtier.

Where is courage more prominent, than in the protection of innocence, and what, like the defence of helpless beauty, so calls out the sterner and iron qualities of our nature? Were the knights of older time chivalrous? who denies it? "There were giants in those days", and battered helm, and indented sword, told but too plainly how the red combat was fought and won.

Those knights, though models for courage were Orpheus in the hall, and Apollos in the drawing room—the touch from their fingers in the dance, was gentle as dew—the glance from their eyes, as soft as starlight—and who doubts but their voice "in ladies ear" was sweet as the mysterious music of Memnon? *And they prized the gifts of the fair*—and in the trellised bowers, or under the "trysting tree", the knight for the delicate chain, or the plaited hair, which, encircling the arm or wrist, nerved for the deadly conflict. What said the Duke of Orleans to Anna of Bretany, as he was about exchanging the sword so hallowed by their mutual love, for the turmoil of the camp, and clangs of war?

"Have you not, sweet Anna, some talisman which might render me invulnerable? Methinks that charm if placed around my arm, would nerve it with additional vigour, and preserve it from the weapons of the enemy more effectually than my own address has enabled me to do"

The princess could scarcely refrain a smile at this request but, unclasping the diamond cross from her beautiful neck, she fastened it around the arm of the duke'—

The devotion of these cavaliers continued unto death, and often when a few moments only, she'd from the height of chivalry, by immortal the trusty page, and taking the mantlets from her bosom or the bracelet from her wrist bade them wish hoped to become at the knight, to bear "broken to their cradle love"—surely there is no trifling intimate in our love or mementos

One corner of my trunk is dedicated to these warm gifts, and often to such moments as the less hours. I look them over with the earnestness of an miser counting his hoards—The other day, I discovered a handkerchief which had been given years ago by a beautiful woman—Ellen—I had not seen it for months—I thought it was lost, and the sudden sight of it, and her own sweet name stirred me to instant sadness—The hours of old—but I will not touch on the Past—let the following "Lines" show my emotions —

Lovely memento of the times that were
Of melting tones and winning smiles departed,
Ease if thou canst, this bosom of its care
And let remembrance soothe the broken—hearted,—
Thou art a pleasant link on memory's chain,
Raising the spirit from its wasting slumber,
Calling to life the Past—all fresh again
With pleasures more than human thought can number.

In Estelle's bower by love's own magic made,
Which the fair Ellen of old days resembled,
I've seen thee cheek the diamond tear
Which tell of shame, vows of passion broken,
Was not an herald of the bosoms fears,
But of its burning love, a silent token;
And when at sundown the damp woods were hush,
And into twilight soft, the day had faded,
Me thinks by thee, full many a rose-leaf blush
Upon her cheek, from my warm gaze was shaded.

I cursed thee then—but oh I bless thee now:
A modest gift from her own precious fingers,
To keep in memory her welcome vows
And feed the love that in my bosom lingers—
Once fond vert waved to her in mock farewell,
And once too truly—when the waves were breaking
Around my dancing barque with foam and swell
While every fibre in my heart was aching —
That hour is past—yet still I hung the chain,
Which bound me in its links a happy lover,
I cannot hope to meet her e'er again,
For fate hath made me o'er the world a rover.—

* * *

From the New England Magazine.

CREDULOUS PEOPLE.

Talia conditgant sonitu saepe minuti
—*Milton, Eleg. a 31 L. 68* In a shoemaker's shop, in a town not far from Boston, about sixty years ago worked Samuel Samallcorn a youth who was placed there by his father, that, under a responsible master, he might learn a reputable trade. Sam was an honest lad, but what easily imposed upon, from the simplicity of his heart, though by no means lacking in understanding. He was rather credulous, because he never wished to impose upon others, and hence he was the butt of the wit of one of the fellow apprentices, whose malice, in the law phrase, supplied their wants. Sam had been honestly educated—had been taught his catechism, which he could repeat every word of it, with all the commandments and the *reasons annexed*. He had the highest respect for his father, who was a worthy representative of a long line of [illegible] the same shop worked Paul Blake, who was the [illegible] son of a very [illegible] mother. One day, when Sam was [illegible], very innocently, some [illegible] of his father, Blake cut his [illegible], by remarking—

'Your father, Sam, is a sly old fox, he has more blots on his character than you know of.'

'Blots!' said Sam, 'what blots? he is as honest a man as ever trod soal leather,'

'That may be,' said Blake, 'but let me tell you, what you never have heard before, and what you may as well know now as at any other time—*he has one son that is not your brother*'

'Impossible!' cried Sam, 'you are joking.'

'No, upon my soul, it is the truth. I should not fear to lay my hand on the bible, and say—that your *father has one son, that is not your brother*.'

Sam heard this awful assertion, and turned as pale as death. His father! his respected father!—a member of the church, and once having two votes for the office of deacon!—could the venerable old Mr. Samallcorn have an illegitimate son., It was just after breakfast; but the contents of the morning meal did not stay long on Sam's stomach. He was sick of the world, sick of his father, sick of himself; and seemed to him, as it did to Brutus under the rock, that virtue was an empty name. He worried over the tidings all that day; nor was it, until the shades of dewy evening came over the earth, that he found out the dreadful amphibiology for Blake asked him, whether he himself

was brother to himself" and whether 'he was not his father's son?' Then Sam had a second penance to undergo —being laughed at for his credulity

For my part, I sympathize with poor Sam Smallcorn & detest Blake, whom I devotedly hope he was brought afterwards to the gallows for there are cases when credulity is more honorable than unbelief Indeed, I do not know a phrase, which is more abused than that of 'credolous people.' What is it that makes a man credulous? If, moved by a tale of me, you give to a being, whose form is emaciated and whose eyes are sunk in sorrow, some skeptical old kunks, who loves his purse better than his conscience, will you call credulous If you think it best to part with your gold to spread the purest principles, purer than refined gold, you will be regarded as the dupe of some holy cheats, whose chief design, however, seems to be the cheat mankind into virtue and happiness Some people seem to have a mortal aversion to any kind of credulity, which lays the least tax on their selfishness, or calls for any benevolent exertion It is credulous to believe that the sufferings of the poor are great, as that there are such beings as the poor It is credulous to believe the bible or to suppose, that the Author of all values the salvation of men more than the laws of nature It is credulous to believe that religion is any thing else than a dream. It is credulous to suppose, that the vast system was made for any purpose, or that the mighty wheels of nature were first created, & are now rolled round by an invisible hand It is credulous to imagine, that there is any moral government, any reward or imagine, that there is any future punishment for the most abandoned of mankind In some people's imagination, conscience is the very organ of credulity, and the only way of being a philosopher is to suppress its dictates and blunt its sensibilities To hear some people talk, you would suppose, that to be credulous was the greatest disgrace, and the only way to avoid that imputation, was to reject all the truths around the pious have gathered, and which heaven has bound by the most sacred obligations, on the hopes and fears of mankind.

I remember that Plato, in one of his dialogues, says that there was an order of men, in his day, who rejected spiritual conceptions and taking hold of rocks, hills, or oaks or some other material substance, affirmed that these were the only real existences, that no wise man would puzzle himself about any ideas or notions, but such as he could see with his eyes, smell with his nose, or touch with his finger Perhaps the peculiar, tenuous and transcendental philosophy of Plato, was calculated to repel opposing sects to opposite extremes and he who was always above the clouds might provoke others to be always grovelling on the ground But, however this may be, we seem, in these days of innovation, which some call improvement, to be making rapid strides to this blessed system I was told, of a certain bookseller in a certain city, that often scratches his head and declares that the only work which he fully understands is a treatise on cookery Another substantial gentleman who boards at Fremont house, assures me that after having long studied Chauncey on the Benevolence of the Deity, he is convinced he never understands the blessings of heaven so well as when they descend before him in the shape of a plumb pudding One man tells me, that even his eye is almost too spiritual an organ for him to trust to, he is not sure of the existence of an object of sight, especially if he sees it at a distance Of all spiritual objects, he is most sure of the being and happy influence of a good glass of gin, when he feels it warming his stomach.

If infidelity works such folly in the strongest brains, one may well suppose that it will upset the wits of those who are only infidels as far as their parts will allow. The truth is, a man must have some genius to make infidelity wear well, and nothing is more credulous than a weak head attempting to carry the strong notions of its betters. Infidelity is like brandy, which, while it makes some *good fellows* gay and amusing, taken in the same draughts, it turns others into drunken sots. Let common mortals beware, and leave to Hercules his club, and to Voltaire his principles. I heard a poor man, in a country town, complaining, a few years ago, that the political movements of our country puzzled him, he had his eye on the office of postmaster, he had been trying to know which party would be uppermost, but no sooner did he take his side, than, unluckily, the party he joined went down, and with some spleen, he remarked, he wished he could tell which party would be uppermost for six months to come Our political movements, he said in Washington, completely baffled his powers Now, what this man is to Van Buren, a common infidel is to David Hume The system is too much for his head, however congenial it may be to his moral feelings

My neighbor, Dr Littletoad, is an infidel as far as he understands the subject He has imbibed the notion, that it is highly becoming a doctor of medicine to be very skeptical on all other subjects, and I hardly know which are most harmless, his principles or his pills I have never taken either, and I am as ignorant of the composition of the one as the other The doctor is always laughing at the credulity of mankind He wishes to believe the Bible, but he is a philosopher, and cannot be so credulous as the vulgar head. I was reading to him, the other day, the resurrection of Lazarus, and asked him what he thought of it 'Why, sir,' said he, 'there are great difficulties in the way of receiving that story It cannot be accounted for on any of the principles of gravity, or galvanism, or electricity Perhaps, however, Lazarus may have been in a state of suspended animation, and we have known people in a syncope to recover by a blow on the hand, or a voice in the ear So, Dr Littletoad has seen that the story of Lazarus may be true

Dr. Littletoad delights to hold the balance of probability with an impartial hand, as if it were a moot point, and a matter of indifference to mankind, whether the supernatural events of revelation were believed or not. The genealogy of Moses puzzles him amazingly; and he considers it very hard to conceive that mankind descended originally from one pair, though, on other occasions, I have heard him maintain that OURANG-OUTANG IS but an uneducated off-shoot of the human race. He rather supposes that there may be such a thing as equivocal generation. He has seen a horse hair play strange pranks after having been soaked in water; and a very sensible ship master told him, on his honor, that he saw growing, on a tree in the West Indies, a something, which looked very much like an incipient man. He wished that the vegetable embryo had been suffered to ripen. In this, however, the doctor was very disinterested; for the best part of his practice consists in his being a man-midwife.

But the most credulous man that ever I knew in my old schoolfellow Abner Alltail. Abner was an unaccountable boy, when young; and signalized himself at a school by endeavoring to make impossible gimcracks He tried to fly a kite, with a string at the tail, instead of at the head; and once insisted that the only true way to navigate a boat was to put the rudder forward. This he said steering, in the proper sense of the word As Abner grew up, he became an infidel; and often has he mentioned to me the argument, which carried conviction to his mind, and which, he says, is unanswerable. Happening to meet with a translation of Lecretius, he there found, that bad philosopher, but beautiful poet, teaches the motion of the atoms, through the vast inane, combining and conforming in various adhesions, until this world of beauty, and man at the head of it, arose as the true shapes happened to jumble together. This Alltail combined with the rule of his mutations and combinations, as he found it stated in Pike's arithmetic. 'You must grant me,' said he, one day when he was descanting on his favorite theme, 'that all sorts of combinations, in these atoms are possible; you must grant me, further, that one of these combinations is the present system and order of beauty, suns, stars, mists, streams, birds, beasts, man male and female. Now, sir,' continued he 'these atoms have had an indfienite period in past time, to shake about like the figures in a kaleidiscope, and you and I happen to fall on the present configuration. That's all' I told him I had never seen a system of cosmogony more easily despatched I ought to have mentioned before, that Abner is an old bachelor, and hates the present race of women almost as he hates his Bible. But as he wants a wife, whenever he can find a suitable one—he is resolved to carry his system of philosophy into practice. He has procured himself a kind of long tub, like the circular churn, which I have seen among the Dutchmen in New York. This tub, or vessel, turns with a crank, and he has put into it some of the finest pipe clay he could get, together with pulverised marble and chalk mixed with a little milk and water. This he turns diligently for six hours every morning; and says he doubts not, when the right configuration of particles comes about, he shall see a beautiful woman hop out of his tub, whom he intends to marry, I called on him the other day, and found him sweating at his task, nothing discouraged by the sweet, reluctant, amorous delay with which his bride, in posse, and not in esse, treats his philosophic advances. Abner has been at work on the project now for almost a whole; and I asked him if he was not about discouraged. 'No,' said he, with great simplicity; for though it is possible that this crank may be found, it is possible, also, it may come the next moment Poor Abner! before I embrace your principles, I think I shall wait until you have found your wife.

---

*Yes, though the one raced with his naked harlots, and the other loved his bottle better than his God.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

STICKS.—Said Jonathan to Pat, "what kind of wood is this ere same made of?" holding up a finely polished billiard cue in his hand. 'Tis box wood, said Pat, winking at his neighbor, such things grow spontaneously in Texas Jonathan dropped his head, and went off, guessing as how that Texas could produce a variety of sticks—some straight sticks—some crooked sticks, and also contained some *very poor sticks*

Exchange Tuesday evening.

A Good four wheel-light-carriage, for sale on accomodating terms —Apply to

EDMUND ANDREWS.

Race.

THERE will be a match race over the Columbia Turf, on Thursday, 1st Oct next, between Capt John Chaffin's horse Gambler and P R Splan's horse Rocket, for One Thousand Dollars

Also, the Columbia Jockey Club will commence on Monday the 5th October

Dissolution.

THE partnership heretofore existing between George Huff & Son, is this day dissolved by limitation.

G. HUFF,
W. P. HUFF.

San Felipe, May 14, 1834

A meeting of the Medical and Philosophical Society of Texas will be held in Brazoria on the first Monday in June next—The members, particularly, and Physicians in general, are requested to attend.

T F. L PARROTT, Record. Sec'y.

m. 39 tf

DOCTOR E. HARRIS.

HAVING located himself permanently in Columbia for the purpose of practising Medicine, Surgery, &c. is now ready to attend to any business in his line. His office is next door to Mr. John Chaffin. By strict attention to business, together with the success which has attended a long course of practice in the United States of the North, he hopes to share a portion of that public patronage which has so liberally been bestowed on his brothers in the profession.

DISSOLUTION.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing in the name and style of A G & R Mills is by mutual consent, this day dissolved, except in liquidation, those having claims against them will please present them for payment and those indebted are requested to make immediate payment or satisfactory arrangements—otherwise indulgence will not be given

A. G. Mills,
R Mills

N B The business will in future be conducted by Robert Mills and David G Mills in the name & style of Robert Mills and Comp, and their goods will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or on the usual credit to punctual customers.

NEW GOODS.

HANDY & LUSK

HAVE just received from New-York, per schooner Elizabeth Jane, a very extensive assortment of

NEW AND SEASONABLE BRITISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS—

All of which they offer for sale by the Bale, Case or Piece, at New Orleans prices, for cash. Also, a full assortment of fashionable ready made summer clothing. Fine Guns, pocket, belt, holster and duelling pistols; a few medicine chests for plantations.

m2.35

Boarding School.

MISS TRASK respectfully announces to the public her intention of opening a Boarding School, for young ladies and misses, on the first of January, in Coles' Settlement:

Boarding per week, $ 2
Tuition per quarter, $6 to 10

For particulars, those interested are referred

John P. Coles, Coles' Settlement,
Asa Hoxey, " "
Dr. J. B. Miller, San Felipe,
James F. Perry, Brazoria,
W. C. White, Columbia.

Coles Settlement, Dec. 2, 1831.-19t

Notice.

THE undersigned gives this public notice that he has been appointed Agent for the different Insurance Companies in the city of New-Orleans; and whereas, in order the insurers may be the more fully satisfied of the fairness of all losses that may hereafter happen here or on the adjacent coast, certificates of the Agent will be required before any loss will be paid. 5-1

EDMUND ANDREWS.